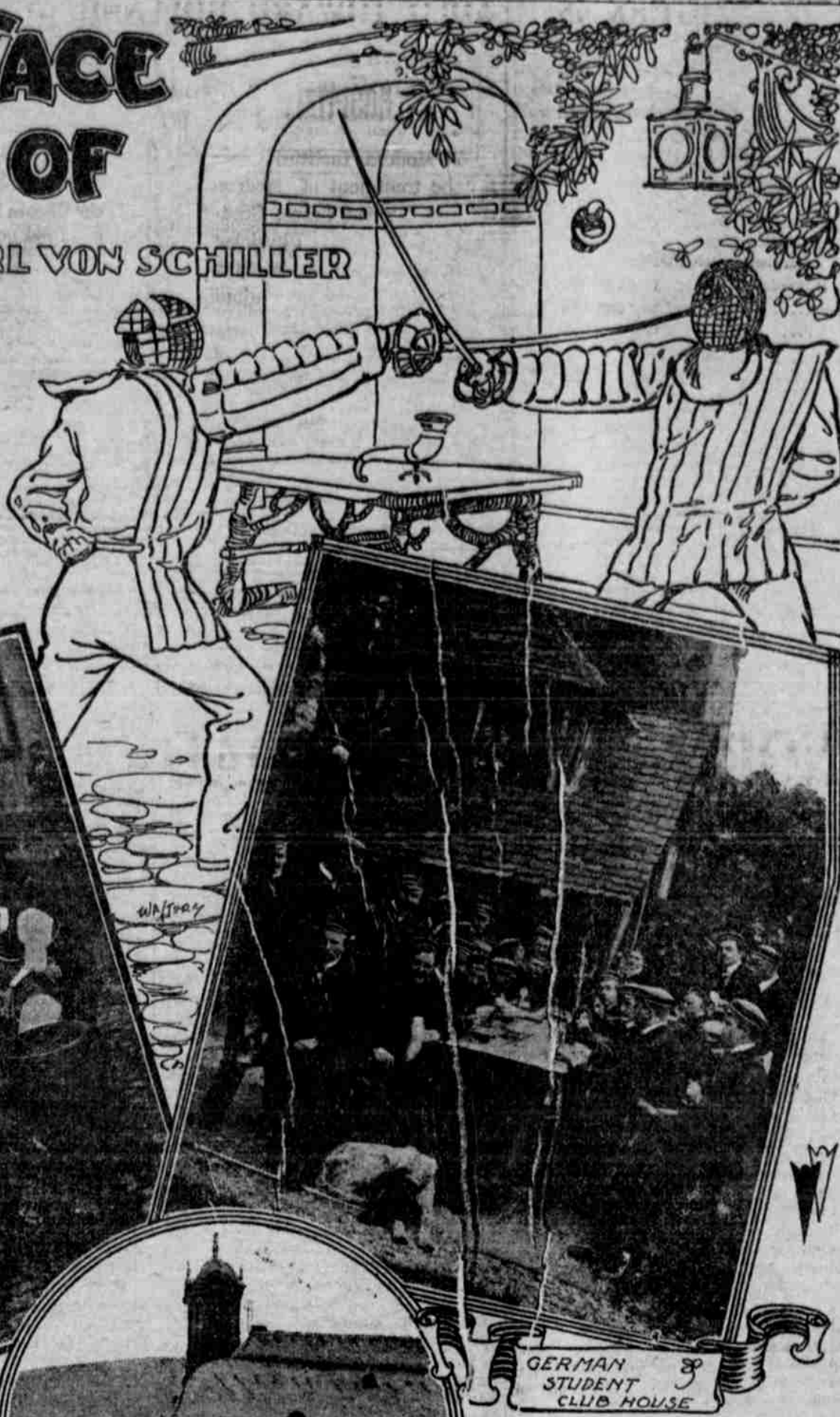


SCARRED FACE IS BADGE OF HONOR

By KARL VON SCHILLER

I HAVE just had a letter from a friend at Bonn university, in which, among other things, he mentions with a chastened joy (he belongs to another student corps) that the kaiser's old corps, the Borussia, has been suspended and that the members are wearing extremely lengthy faces as being deprived for a time of the chance to get their scars. It seems that the Borussia had imprudently hazed one of their number. Unfortunately for the corps, they forgot that they were serving their military term under military regulations and that in ragging the object of their displeasure they were really assaulting a superior officer and defying discipline. This could not be brooked, and the kaiser—who has just made the crown prince's wife an officer a grade higher than her husband, with a keen appreciation of the jest that the crown prince must



consequently obey his wife, a jest that the German people do not relish—put his foot down heavily, and there will be no dueling in this corps for some time. The kaiser, who by reason of his noble blood was not permitted to take part in the duels of his corps, the Borussia, of Bonn university, nevertheless is stated on one occasion to have doffed his dignity and under a pledge of secrecy from his fellow students to have played his part. He has never lost his sympathy with the aim and object of this traditional custom, which to the uninitiated seems a survival of the brutal days of medieval times, but which in reality has a specific end. What football is to the American student, rugby and boxing to the English, so is the duel to the German—a test of endurance and a lesson in keeping an equable temper and restraint under provocation. The kaiser, with a eye to the championship of personal and national honor, has expressed an opinion that this custom should not die out and that there was nothing equal to it for the steeling or hardening of the leaders, military, commercial and professional, of the empire. I never enter a car and hang by a strap without looking at the back of the man in front of me and speculating as to his profession or his nationality. The clothes indicate very little—they are American and well fitting, but the instant their owner turns his face you exclaim inwardly, with a sense of mental satisfaction, at having found something definite—German. There is no mistaking the telltale scar that runs from eye to ear or decorates his chin with a puckered ridge.

Not all Germans wear honorable scars, however. The badge is the prerogative of the student of Bonn, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Freiburg or the other German universities and as they average 1,500 students each, the class is limited. The kaiser's edict will not prevent dueling at Bonn, however. There are still other corps, each with its distinctive name, cap, rules and regulations and clearly defined etiquette, chiefly of the higher classes. Each university has its fraternities, with a membership of a limited number, seldom exceeding 30 or 35; and to join one of the better known ones is a much sought honor. The object of these clubs is to all appearance of a convivial nature, as beer and wine drinking enter largely into their ceremonial observances, but they are really to promote camaraderie and to enable the too often lonely student to form friendships which will endure through life and be of masonic service to them. Besides the specific corps there are other bodies composed of the middle class students, such as the handmannschaft, which was the earliest order of student fraternities. The duel may have its origin in any quarrel or difference of opinion, but usually has not. It is a thing of etiquette and is used to prove a student. The more duels one fights the bigger swag one may display, and a scar is a sign that one has come out of the ordeal with honor and in a silent and speaking testimony to the bearer's courage. The larger the strips of sticking plaster which hold a cheek together or a sliced nose in position the higher one goes in the affection of the frauleins, and what is the world without "Wein, weib und Gesang?" When a duel is arranged a pretext having been contrived by the simple expedient of a member of the corps clumsily treading on the tail of a dog owned by a member of another corps, or by some such obvious excuse, the combatants are swathed with bandages on the body and right arm, the head and eyes and throat are protected and the only visible spot left are the cheeks, chin and nose. The swords are razor-edged at the point and, unlike the French dueling sword, which is used in foil fashion, they are meant simply to make a downward nick, which serves to form the scar, without much further damage than a copious stream of blood and a sore face for a bit. Those

schlagers begin to play about their heads a close watch is kept upon them in case they flinch or draw back their heads. If they do they disgrace their corps. Finally one sword lands and a sprinkle of blood appears. If it is not likely to cause a severe scar the fight continues until at last a cunning snick does the trick. The surgeon who is at hand is allowed to try his prentice hand—he is often a first year "med"—and the wound is bound up or sewn. Then an adjournment is made and the evening is spent with beer and song. The wounded one receives his congratulations and stalks about in an ecstasy of joy. If he thinks his scar is not going to be beautiful enough he may keep the wound open for days and prevent its rapid healing. But there are other duels besides those of the sword. There is the honorable drinking trial, where he who succeeds longest in delaying his descent to below the table is crowned. As it is treason to refuse to drink a toast and as there are toasts all night, the president has a busy time supervising the proper filling of each glass. It is quite legitimate to make "oom for more beer. When the smoke is thickest and the songs have died to a hoarse babble it is time to make the count. Peace has her victories, and no doubt to the students of the Fatherland this is a laudable species of peaceful victory. son when the Bavarian breweries announce the brewing of their new beer, an announcement which thrills the heart of every German and which is celebrated in every city of the empire, the Berliners through the "Terraces" every night during the celebration. Berliners by no means monopolize it, but patrons and enthusiasts from all the cities of northern Germany flock about its standard like crowds of holiday seekers in the Paris or London season. Away with the proverbial waiter! Girls and young women are brought up from Munich and other Bavarian cities especially for the occasion. Dressed in the Bavarian peasant costume, consisting of a short bodice, full skirts flowing from padded hips, small, gay colored caps poked coquettishly on one side the head and a white blouse with very loose sleeves, they give an added touch to the gay and hilarious scenes of this famous celebration. Three or four Tyrolean or Bavarian peasant bands afford the music, pleasing at first, but soon becoming a pandemonium of sounds as the evening's supply of "new beer" becomes diminished. In fact, the bands are one of the chief attractions and without them the fest would be of little amusement. Some have only zithers, while others have the full list of brass instruments, but each has at least one phenomenal stout man with an equally phenomenal capacity for the new beer, whose duty it is to harass the bass drum with more physical than musical strength. Such efforts are the signal for uproarious shouts and jibes. In all there is the best of good nature and fellowship, nothing in the least obscene is ever suggested or tolerated. The spread of Americanism in Europe is well evidenced there at Hallensee, where an American architect has built the temple to so sacred a feast as the celebration of the brewing of the new beer. Surely no one will deny that Americanism, anism more to be feared than Lutherism and the reformation, has penetrated the innermost depths of traditional Europe.

are schlagers and are the scar formers. On the other hand to wipe out an insult the "sine-sine" duel is resorted to. That means that the bodies are left "without" almost any protection and the swords are sabres, which have no limitation of use. When the couple face each other and the

BEER AND BOOKS

GERMAN STUDENT CLUB HOUSE

OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, HEIDELBERG

Pasteboard Hearts

By LITTELL McCLUNG

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

"Isn't Dolly Watson a bit late with her proposal party?" asked Campbell Askin, assisting the girl with her opera cloak. "Leap year passed out some time ago."

Helen Armond smiled forgivingly at his ignorance.

"Dolly saved to-night's affair purposely until all signs of leap year had disappeared," she replied. "Now she thinks it is high time for the men to do the proposing."

"That's the attitude, is it?" the young man exclaimed. "Well, there's surely method in Dolly's tardiness. I suppose there will be the usual red hearts and green mittens?"

"No, sir, there'll be a change in colors at this party," the girl said. "The hearts are to be blue, true blue—I helped Dolly select them myself! The mittens are to be a shade of yellow, suggestive of—lemons, of course. Yes, it is a bit slangy, but it certainly is appropriate."

"As for me," rejoined Askin, "I expect to get a few mittens, for I'm not adept in proposing."

"So I've noticed!" the girl ventured. "But I do expect you," he continued, ignoring her thrust, "to give me a real large heart—two of them if nobody happens to be looking!"

"Don't be too sure about that, sir!" she warned. "If you don't act with proper gallantry I may hand you a mitten."

"I dare you!" he challenged.

"Oh, well," she answered, "maybe I won't, after all. But please see that you do it properly."

"I'll do my best," he declared. "But we had better be going, for if you arrive late you may miss several appeals for a heart or two."

This fear was groundless, for they were ushered in before the heart-and-mitten contest began.

"Awfully glad to see you both!" cooed Dolly Watson. "I know where one of my hearts is going."

Helen flashed the hostess a reprover-

"You are doing well. Keep it up. I want you to win the prize!"

"HELEN."

Askin was in dead earnest now. No longer was the contest absurd or even entertaining. The congratulations of the girl whose approval he wished most of all were at stake, and he determined to win.

As he began to offer his love to maid No. 6 in exchange for a piece of cardboard, he noticed that the man in front was still getting hearts. His eye flashed defiance at his rival, and his eloquence increased. With the practice gained by half a dozen arwons, his words came with surprising smoothness. He received another heart!

Then he looked ahead and saw that only three girls separated him from Helen. She caught his eye and her look was one of pride. She loosened a heart from the string she held and placed it in her lap. That heart was for him, he knew.

Then, all at once, just as he was beginning the seventh proposal, Askin's voice began to fall him. This brought on embarrassment and he found himself uttering the most disconnected sentences. It went from bad to worse, and in another minute he was utterly confused and unable to say anything.

Relief came with the bell tap, and in the brief interim he slipped out of line and retreated into the softly lighted conservatory. As he thought of the situation he simply could not go back into the crowd, but instead flung himself on a bench in despair, disgusted with himself for allowing his feelings to master him. What would Helen think of him now for giving up so foolishly when the prize was almost within his grasp?

For some time he sat listening to the tinkle of the little silver bell. Everything became comparatively quiet again. Suddenly behind him he heard a soft football. Then a hand rested lightly on his shoulder. He looked up—into Helen's reproachful eyes.

"What's the matter, Campbell?" the girl asked, a touch of sympathy in her tone. "Why in the world did you let that other fellow beat you? Why, you didn't even stay to propose to me, and I had a heart waiting for you!"

"Helen, that's just the reason I couldn't keep up that sham!" he blurted out. "Because you were there! It was fairly easy proposing to all those other girls, but the thought of saying those silly, trumped-up words to you unnerved me completely!"

"Why, Campbell, couldn't you say them to me?" she asked quietly.

For answer he turned quickly and grasped her half-resisting hands.

"Because, dear girl," he whispered, "because I simply couldn't willfully seem ridiculous before you. Because, well—I love you too much, that's why! Helen, haven't you more than a pasteboard box heart for me? Haven't you a real one? If you have, I want to ask for it in earnest—now."

A few minutes later the name of the man who had won the prize was announced. But Askin knew that he, not the fellow who was given a handsome smoking set, had secured the real prize of the evening.



A Hand Rested Lighted on His Shoulder.

HASTENED TO HIS MOTHER

Long Ride Undertaken by Washington to Obtain Blessing He So Much Valued.

It is interesting to recall a ride taken by the first president which seems to have escaped general notice.

In the early spring of 1789 Charles Thompson, secretary of congress, reached Mount Vernon bearing the official notification that George Washington had been elected first president of the United States. The news was not unexpected and seems to have been calmly received by the dignified old general.

After early dinner, while Mrs. Washington entertained the guest from the north, Gen. Washington wrote to the president of the senate that the communication had reached him at 1 p. m. that day, and that he proposed, as there seemed reason for haste, to begin his journey toward New York "the day after to-morrow."

This letter was sent at once to Alexandria postoffice by a servant, and the general ordered his horse for a rapid ride to Fredericksburg, nearly 40 miles away and with two turbulent streams to ferry in the bargain.

The April days are not long, and night was closing in as Washington left home for a long, wild dash through forests and over obstructions not known now in any American forest; and the object of this effort was not glory or country, but to obtain on this greatest day of his distinguished career his mother's blessing.

The aged woman was near 80 and in failing health. Washington reached her side in the early dawn, but had almost immediately to return or else break his word to the senate. He held her in his arms in loving tenderness, while she declared that she would never see him again. But she did not seek to detain him, but with "Go, my son, and may heaven's and your mother's blessing go with you always," sent him forth.

Within 24 hours Washington was again at Mount Vernon and ready to begin the long ride to New York. He was not far from 60 years old at that time, either.